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JUSTICE™

SERAPH'S™ BACK--AND THIS TIME HE'S OUT FOR BLOOD!

LEE WEEKS '88

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new universe™

JUSTICE

It began with the **White Event**, a mysterious astronomical phenomenon which bombarded the entire earth with unknown energies two summers past. In one person out of every million, this energy triggered largely benign body-wide mutations resulting in paranormal forms and abilities. The transition beyond normalcy was not an easy one. For most, it was as traumatic as birth itself.

John Tensen, a narcotics officer for the Justice Department, became endowed with powers of life and death. From his left hand he protected life with powerful unbreakable shields. From his right hand, he projected death with his sword -- an irresistible blast of pure force that reduced whatever it touched to ashes. Having had his life almost destroyed by a powerful paranormal, Tensen dubbed himself as **"Justice"** and gave himself a mission -- to travel the land, find other paranormals (using his psychic ability to detect their auras), and judge whether or not they are using their powers properly. If they are, he leaves them in peace. If they are not, he leaves them in pieces.

Now, Justice is paid a visit by an old nemesis...

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POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO JUSTICE, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, 9TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016.

THIS ISN'T LIKE MIRIAM TO JUST DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE.
WHY? DOES SHE USUALLY LEAVE A TRACE WHEN SHE DISAPPEARS?
RUDY, THERE'S A TIME AND PLACE FOR JOKES, AND HERE AND NOW ISN'T IT.

I'M CALLING NSC HQ IN D.C.
A-OK, BUT MAKE IT PDQ.
OH, AND ORDER ME A BLT, ASAP.

SHUT UP, RUDY.
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LOST MIRIAM. UPDIKE'S GONNA FRY ME.
NICE TO KNOW MIRIAM'S WELFARE IS YOUR MAIN CONCERN.
SHUDDERBUG, I'M WARNING Y--
HELLO, YES. THIS IS CHAUNCY. PUT ME THROUGH TO UPDIKE.
YEAH, I'LL HOLD.

HUH?
BAAAA

HEY, CHAUNCY--
SHUT UP A MINUTE, I'M ON HOLD.
I HATE BEING ON HOLD.

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA!
IT WILL ONLY HURT A MOMENT, I PROMISE!

CHAUNCY. YOU SHOULD REALLY SEE THIS.

DOES IT INVOLVE MIRIAM?
WELL, NO...
THEN IT CAN WAIT.
OOOKAY. YOU'RE THE G-MAN.

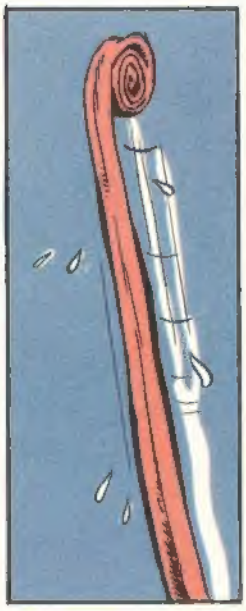
UPDIKE? YEAH, THIS IS CHAUNCY. YEAH, WE'RE STILL IN CONEY ISLAND.
:GRIIKK:
:GRIIKK:
ALIGUHGUR. COME B--
:GRIIKK:

NO, I HAVEN'T SPOTTED ANYTHING YET. IF THERE'RE ROGUE PARANORMALS AROUND HERE, THEY'RE KEEPING A LOW PROFILE.

BUT THERE'S ANOTHER PROBLEM. MIRIAM MORSE-- PLAYBACK-- HAS VANISHED.

I'M NOT EVEN SURE I KNOW WHERE TO START LOOKING.

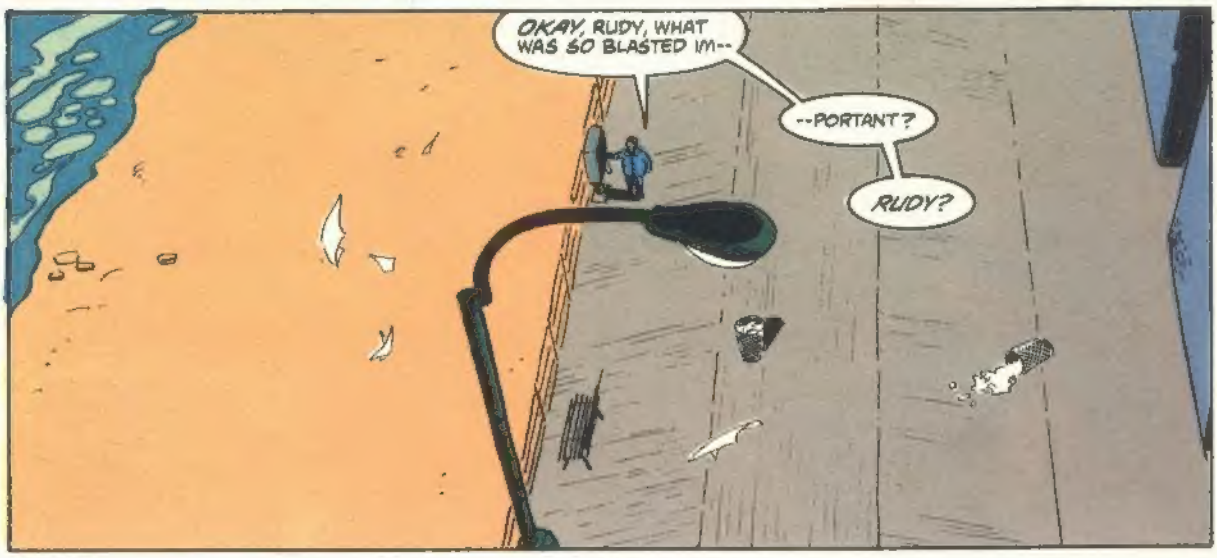
:CHHHHHARRR:
SPLHT



OH YUCK!!
THWAP

NO, NO, IT'S JUST RUDY SCREWING AROUND.
chaun...cy...
YES, SIR, I KNOW YOU HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE IN ME.

RIGHT, DON'T WORRY. I WON'T LET ANYONE PULL ANYTHING OVER ON ME.
I JUST FELT YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT WE'VE HIT A SNAG.
RIGHT. BYE.

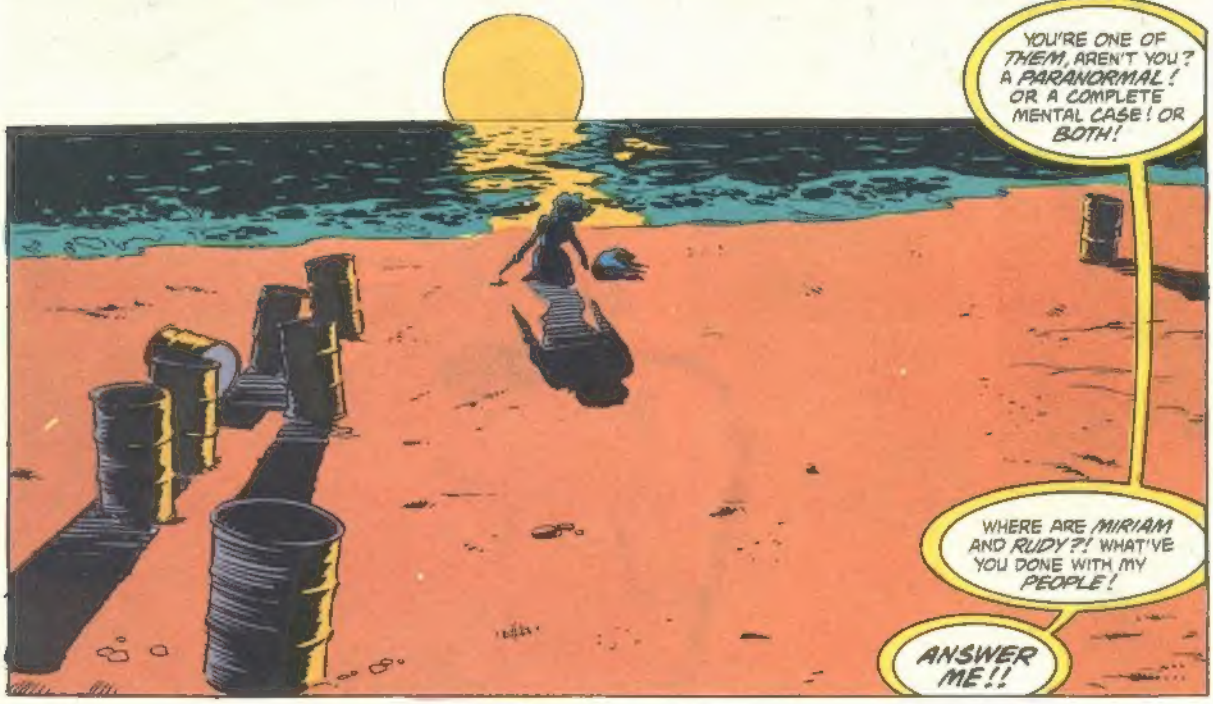

OKAY, RUDY, WHAT WAS SO BLASTED IM--
--PORTANT?
RUDY?

HEY! HEY YOU, OUT ON THE BEACH!
WHO'RE YOU? WHAT'RE YOU DOING TO THAT SHEEP?

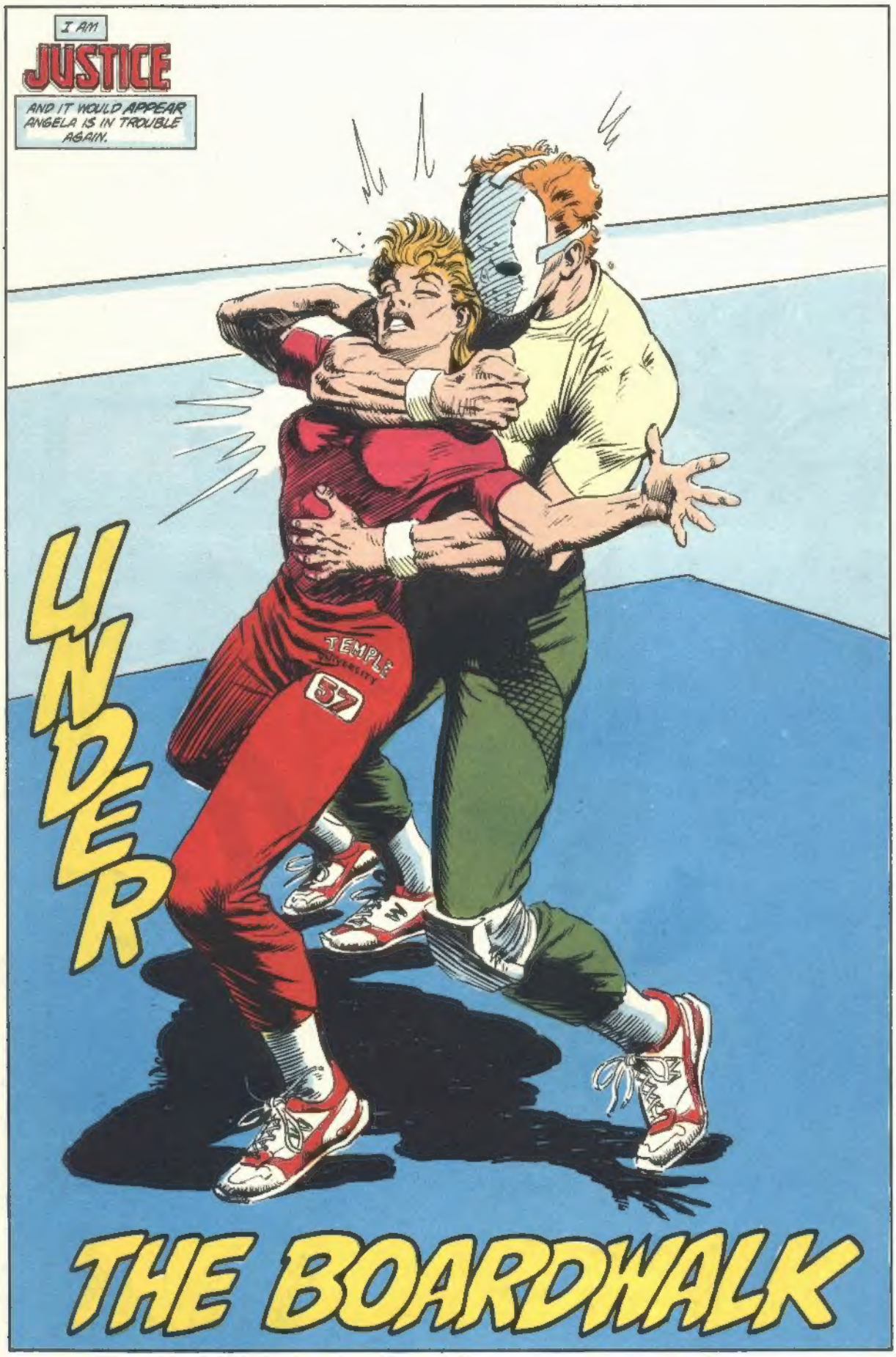
IGNORE HIM, LITTLE ONE.
LISTEN ONLY TO AUGUR. THE PAIN WILL BE BRIEF.

BAAAK
SLUK

HOLY GEEZ! SHE... SHE GUTTED THE POOR THING!
WHAT'RE YOU, NUTS?!


YOU'RE ONE OF THEM, AREN'T YOU? A PARANORMAL! OR A COMPLETE MENTAL CASE! OR BOTH!
WHERE ARE MIRIAM AND RUDY?! WHAT'VE YOU DONE WITH MY PEOPLE!
ANSWER ME!!

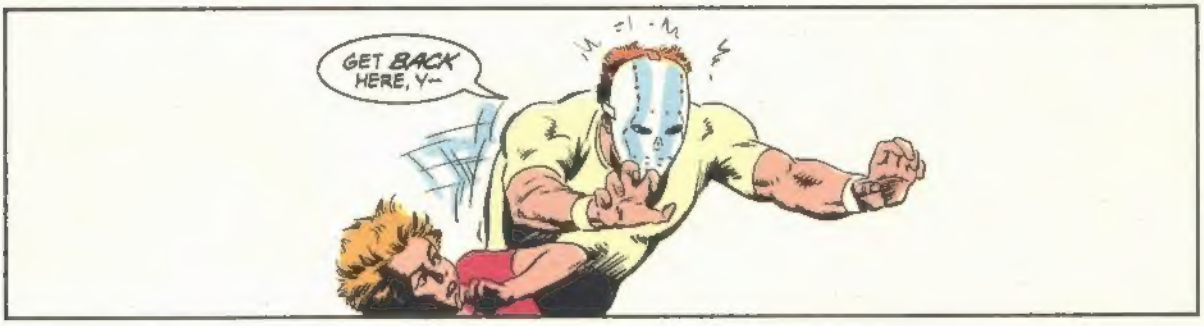
I HAVE YOUR ANSWER RIGHT HERE.
FREEZE! I'M A GOVERNMENT AGENT!
SHOOSH
THAT COULD HAVE BEEN YOUR HAND,
WELCOME TO CONEY ISLAND, MR. CHAUNCY.
THE FORSAKEN HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.


I AM
JUSTICE
AND IT WOULD APPEAR ANGELA IS IN TROUBLE AGAIN.
TEMPLE
57
UNDER
THE BOARDWALK

KRUNCH

NYARRRR!!

KRAK

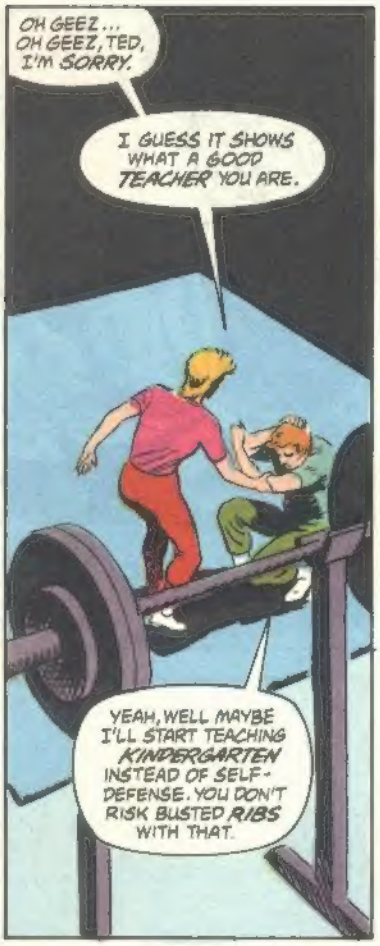

GET BACK HERE, Y--

YAH!
WAM

WHUNK
WHUNK

WHOA!
HOLD IT, ANGIE! ENOUGH!
ENOUGH ALREADY!

SLOW DOWN, TIGER.
ME FRIEND, REMEMBER?


OH GEEZ... OH GEEZ, TED, I'M SORRY.
I GUESS IT SHOWS WHAT A GOOD TEACHER YOU ARE.
YEAH, WELL MAYBE I'LL START TEACHING KINDERGARTEN INSTEAD OF SELF-DEFENSE. YOU DON'T RISK BUSTED RIBS WITH THAT.

MS. TENSEN ..I'M IMPRESSED. YOUR RECOVERY DEFIES ALL PROGNOSES.
THANKS, MR. UPDIKE.

AND YOU'RE BECOMING MOST PROFICIENT IN THE COMBAT TUTORING YOU'RE RECEIVING.
IT'S A DANGEROUS WORLD, MR. UPDIKE. ANYONE WHO SAYS DIFFERENTLY IS KIDDING HIMSELF.

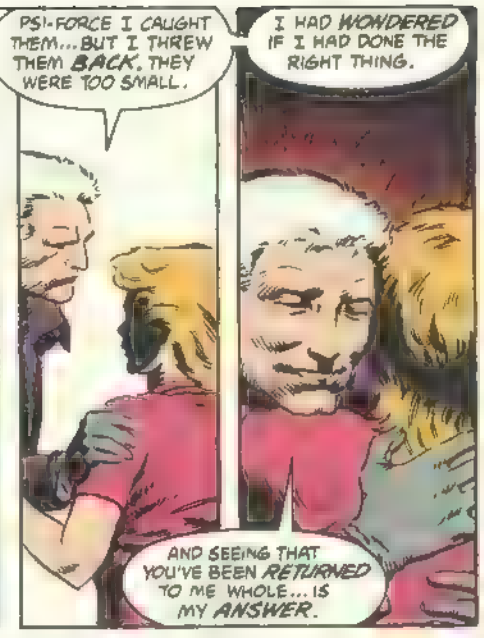
AHH-CHOOO
ALLERGIES AGAIN, VICTOR? NOW I WONDER WHO COULD BE SETTING THEM--

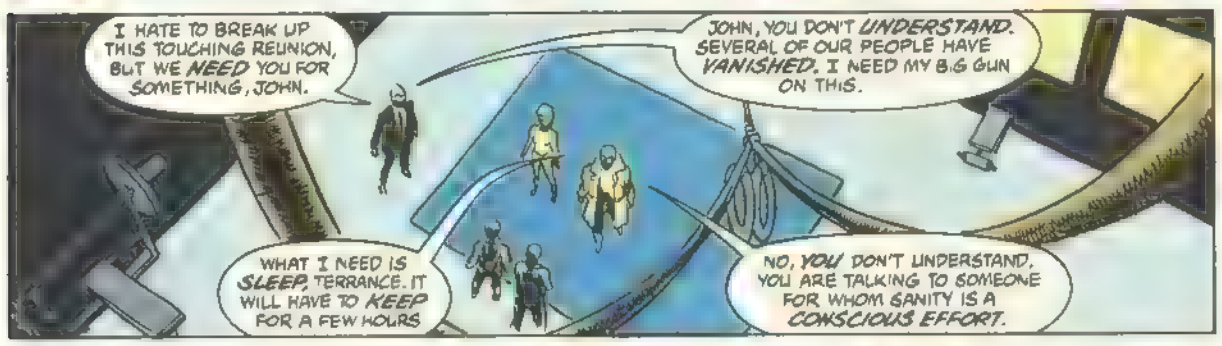
--OFF.

ANGELA.

DADDY.

RODSTVOW IS DEAD. HE'LL INJURE NO ONE AGAIN.
AND THE OTHER ONE--?


PSI-FORCE I CAUGHT THEM... BUT I THREW THEM BACK. THEY WERE TOO SMALL.
I HAD WONDERED IF I HAD DONE THE RIGHT THING.
AND SEEING THAT YOU'VE BEEN RETURNED TO ME WHOLE... IS MY ANSWER.

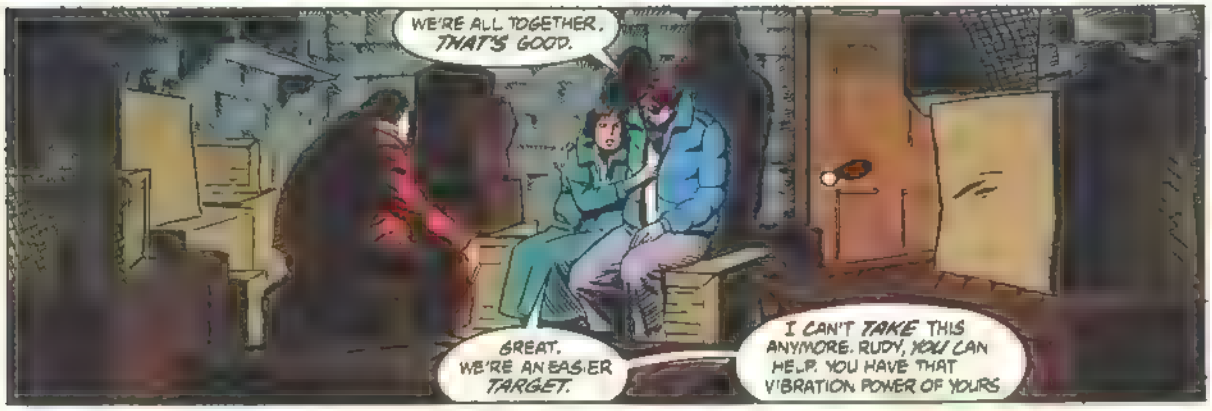

I HATE TO BREAK UP THIS TOUCHING REUNION, BUT WE NEED YOU FOR SOMETHING, JOHN.
JOHN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. SEVERAL OF OUR PEOPLE HAVE VANISHED. I NEED MY BIG GUN ON THIS.
WHAT I NEED IS SLEEP, TERRANCE. IT WILL HAVE TO KEEP FOR A FEW HOURS
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. YOU ARE TALKING TO SOMEONE FOR WHOM SANITY IS A CONSCIOUS EFFORT.

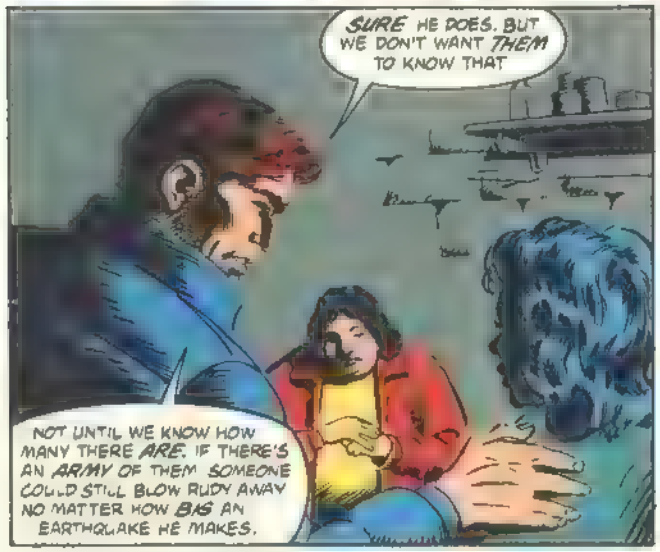
SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED UP HERE, THAT I HAVE TO CONCENTRATE ON KEEPING FACT AND FICTION SEPARATE.
IF I'M TIRED, THINGS START TO BLUR... MUCH IN THE WAY THEY DID WHEN I WAS DRUGGED.
IF MY THINKING IS IMPAIRED, I BECOME A DANGER TO EVERYONE. DO YOU "GET IT" NOW?

I MIGHT DESTROY THE ONES YOU WANT ME TO SAVE.

FINE. GO SLEEP. I JUST HOPE WHEN YOU WAKE UP THERE'S SOMEONE LEFT TO SAVE.
SO DO I

NO ONE'S GOING TO SAVE US WE'RE GOING TO DIE HERE.
STOP SAYING THAT, MIRIAM.
GIVE ME SOME REASON NOT TO.


WE'RE ALL TOGETHER. THAT'S GOOD.
GREAT. WE'RE AN EASIER TARGET.
I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANYMORE. RUDY, YOU CAN HELP. YOU HAVE THAT VIBRATION POWER OF YOURS

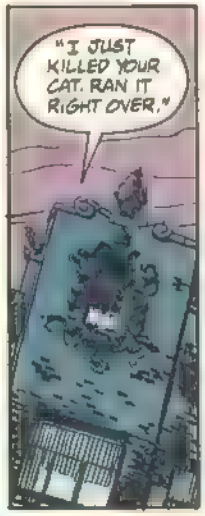

SURE HE DOES. BUT WE DON'T WANT THEM TO KNOW THAT
NOT UNTIL WE KNOW HOW MANY THERE ARE. IF THERE'S AN ARMY OF THEM SOMEONE COULD STILL BLOW RUDY AWAY NO MATTER HOW BIG AN EARTHQUAKE HE MAKES.

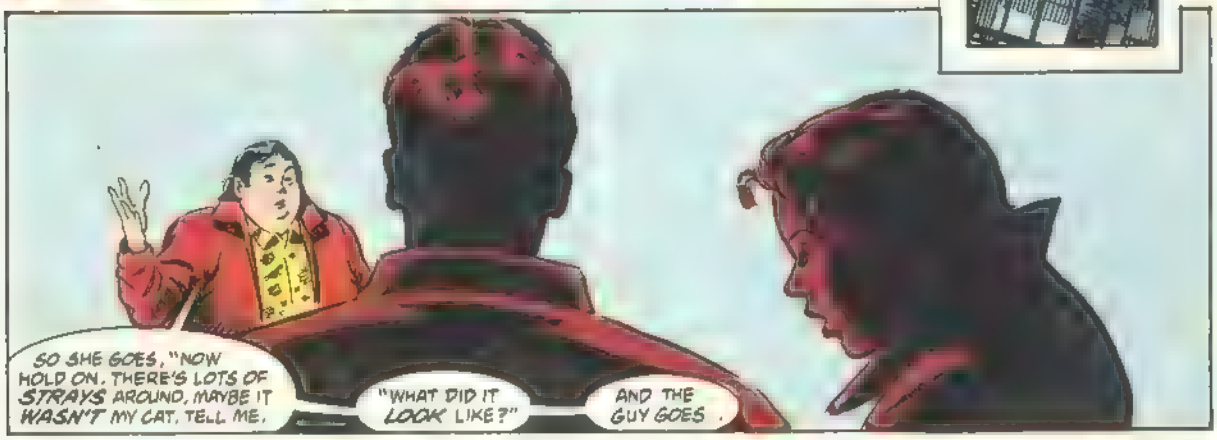
BUT WE CAN'T JUST SIT AROUND HERE WAITING TO DIE! WE HAVE TO DO SOMETHING!
AND DON'T TELL ME TO CALM DOWN!

RUDY, I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THIS! HELP US!
DO SOMETHING! ANYTHING!

OKAY.

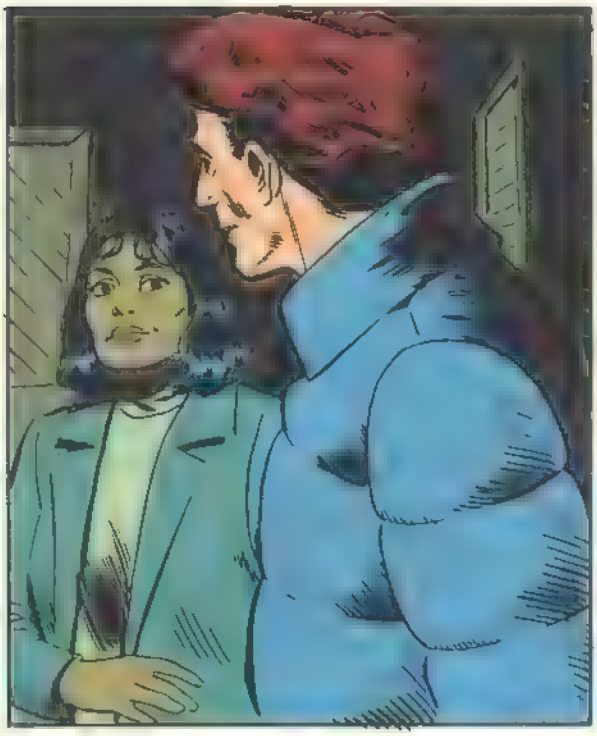
OKAY, THERE'S THIS WOMAN, SEE? AND SHE'S SITTING IN HER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY, MINDING HER OWN BUSINESS, AND THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SHE ANSWERS IT...
...AND THERE'S THIS GUY THERE SOBBING, AND HE SAYS, "LADY, I FEEL TERRIBLE. I WAS DRIVING ALONG AND... I TRIED TO STOP MY CAR, BUT...


"I JUST KILLED YOUR CAT. RAN IT RIGHT OVER."


SO SHE GOES, "NOW HOLD ON. THERE'S LOTS OF STRAYS AROUND, MAYBE IT WASN'T MY CAT, TELL ME.
"WHAT DID IT LOOK LIKE?"
AND THE GUY GOES .

AND SHE GOES, "NO, NO, I MEAN WHAT DID IT LOOK LIKE BEFORE YOU HIT IT?"

AND THE GUY GOES ..

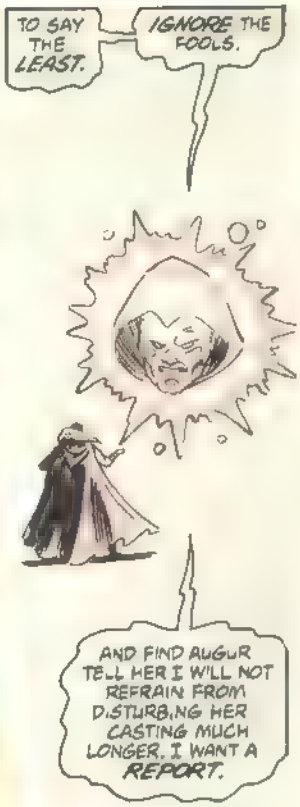


HEH.
HEH HEH
THAT IS HEH! THAT'S THE SICKEST
HA HA HA

HAAAAHHHAHAHAHAH

HAHA HA HA
THE PRISONERS ARE LAUGHING, YOUR HONOR I F.ND THAT... ODD

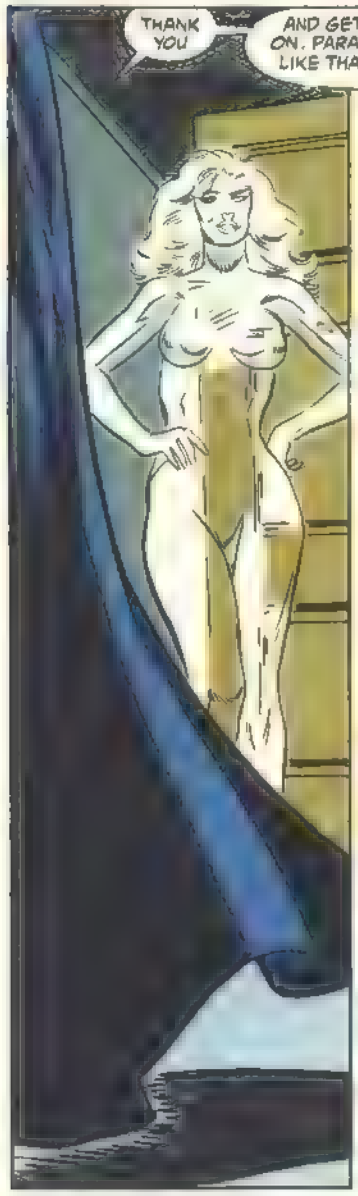
YOU SEEM CONFUSED, SERAPH.


TO SAY THE LEAST.
IGNORE THE FOOLS.
AND FIND AUGUR TELL HER I W'LL NOT REFRAIN FROM D.STURB.NG HER CASTING MUCH LONGER. I WANT A REPORT.

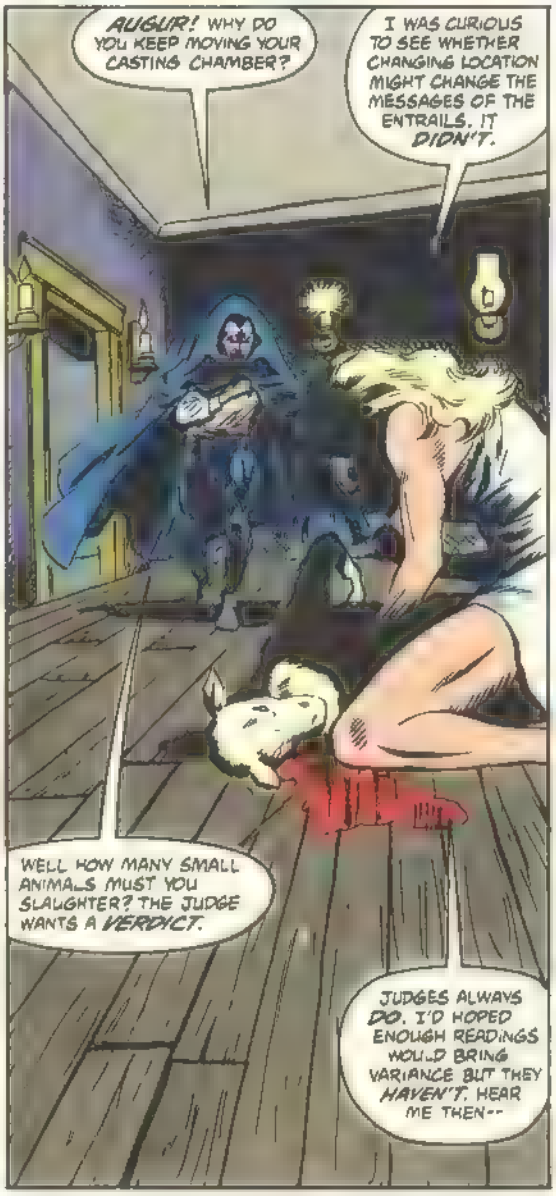
YES, YOUR HONOR

AUGUR!
BLOOD AND THUNDER! WHERE IS THAT GIRL?

FIGURINE! WHERE'S AUGUR?
THAT WAY, SWEET THANG


THANK YOU
AND GET SOME CLOTHES ON. PARADING AROUND NAKED LIKE THAT. IT'S INDECENT.

I THOUGHT IT WAS PRETTY DECENT, IF I DO SAY SO

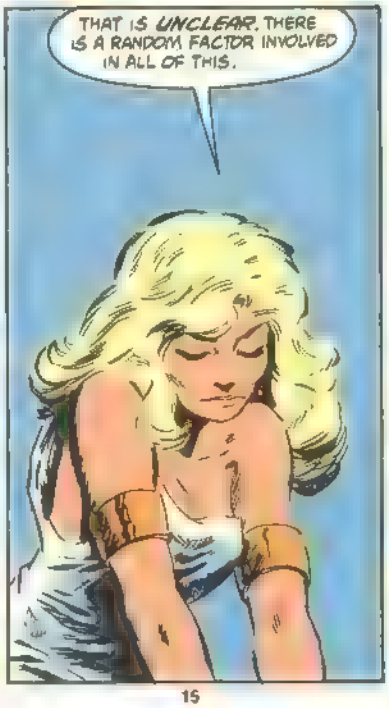

AUGUR! WHY DO YOU KEEP MOVING YOUR CASTING CHAMBER?
I WAS CURIOUS TO SEE WHETHER CHANGING LOCATION MIGHT CHANGE THE MESSAGES OF THE ENTRAILS. IT DIDN'T.
WELL HOW MANY SMALL ANIMALS MUST YOU SLAUGHTER? THE JUDGE WANTS A VERDICT.
JUDGES ALWAYS DO. I'D HOPED ENOUGH READINGS WOULD BRING VARIANCE BUT THEY HAVEN'T. HEAR ME THEN--

QUILL HAS FAILED. THERE WAS A PATH THAT WOULD HAVE LED TO SUCCESS, BUT SOMETHING PULLED HIM FROM IT.
MY CASTINGS SAY HE IS DEAD. THAT IS CLEAR.
AND THE ONES WE HAVE CAPTURED? SHOULD WE KILL THEM?
IT WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY, THE FUTURE IS SET.

JUSTICE IS COMING.

HE WILL FACE THE FORSAKEN, AND THE JUDGE .. AND YOU. THAT ALSO IS CLEAR.

AND THE OUTCOME?
JUSTICE WILL DIE
OR YOU WILL OR BOTH.


THAT IS UNCLEAR. THERE IS A RANDOM FACTOR INVOLVED IN ALL OF THIS.

WHAT "RANDOM FACTOR"?

"THAT IS UNCERTAIN THAT'S WHAT MAKES IT RANDOM, AFTER ALL"
"OH NEVER MIND IT DOESN'T MATTER, WHATEVER IT IS
"I CAN HANDLE IT"
CAPTAIN BROOKLYN

PEOPLE HAVE USED SO MANY APPROACHES TO EXTEND THEIR LIFE SPANS WHEN I CONFRONTED THEM.

BUT THAT GIRL IN PSI-FORCE.. LINDSEY... SHE SUCCEEDED WHERE OTHERS HADN'T.

TRIED TO FIGHT ME, OR BRIBE ME, OR TRICK ME.

SHE MADE ME FEEL LIKE A MONSTER. LIKE SOMETHING UNWORTHY TO SIT IN JUDGMENT.

"DEAD INSIDE." THAT'S WHAT SHE CALLED ME.

WAS SHE RIGHT?

SHE REMINDED ME SO MUCH OF ANGELA. OF EVERYTHING ANGELA SAID

OF HOW MY "MISSION FROM GOD" WAS JUST A CLOAK TO INSULATE MYSELF FROM HUMANITY.

YET ANGELA SUFFERED AFTER SAYING IT. COINCIDENCE? OR A REMINDER AS TO WHO'S REALLY IN CHARGE?

IT'S A GOOD THING SHE'S NOT WITH ME NOW

BUT I WISH SHE WERE.

EXCUSE ME, IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?

I WAS HOPING I COULD MOVE UP, SINCE THEY STUCK ME BACK THERE IN THE SMOKING SECTION

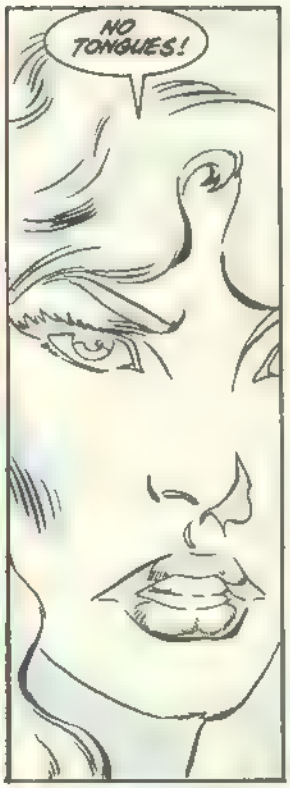
THERE'S, LIKE, NO JUSTICE Y'KNOW?

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
BUCKLING MY SEAT BELT.
AS SOON AS WE GET TO LAGUARDIA YOU'RE ON THE FIRST PLANE BACK
NUH-UH, DAD. I'M STICKING WITH YOU.
NO MORE PRETENDING FOR ME NO MORE FANTASIZING THAT LIFE MIGHT GO BACK TO THE WAY IT USED TO BE.
BESIDES, UPDIKE TOLD ME WHO WAS MISSING. MY FRIENDS, AS WELL AS YOURS.
I HAVE NO FRIENDS.
NONE? NOT EVEN ME?
I'M NOT CERTAIN ABOUT YOU
I'M NOT CERTAIN I EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE ANYMORE.
WELL, HALLELUJAH.
FOR ONCE THE SHOES ON THE OTHER FOOT.
THINGS ARE GOING TO BE REAL INTERESTING IN CONEY ISLAND.

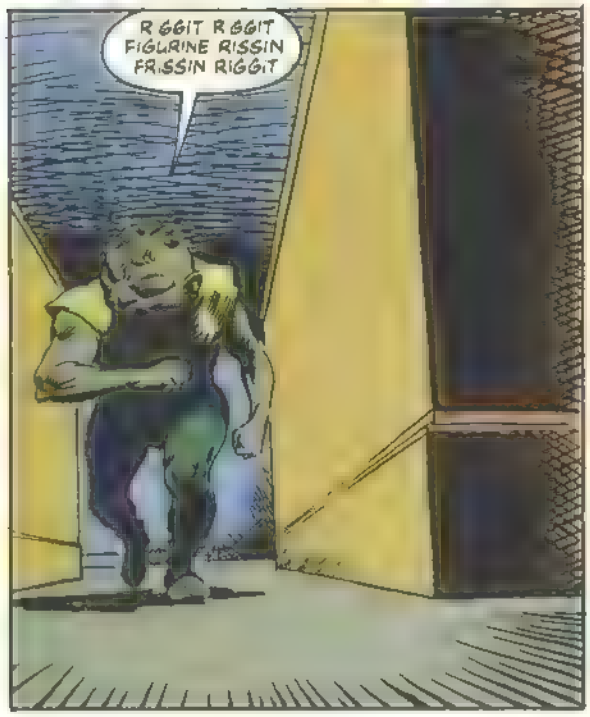
HUH?
THWAP

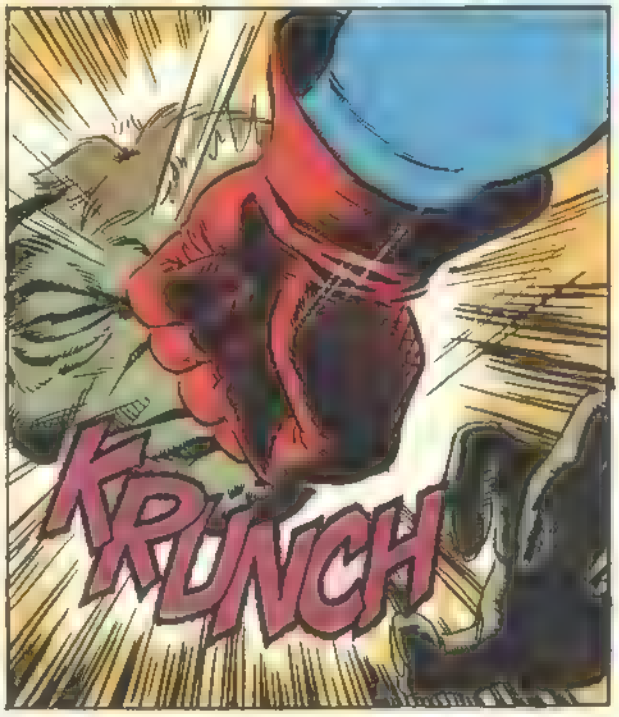
OH FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU!

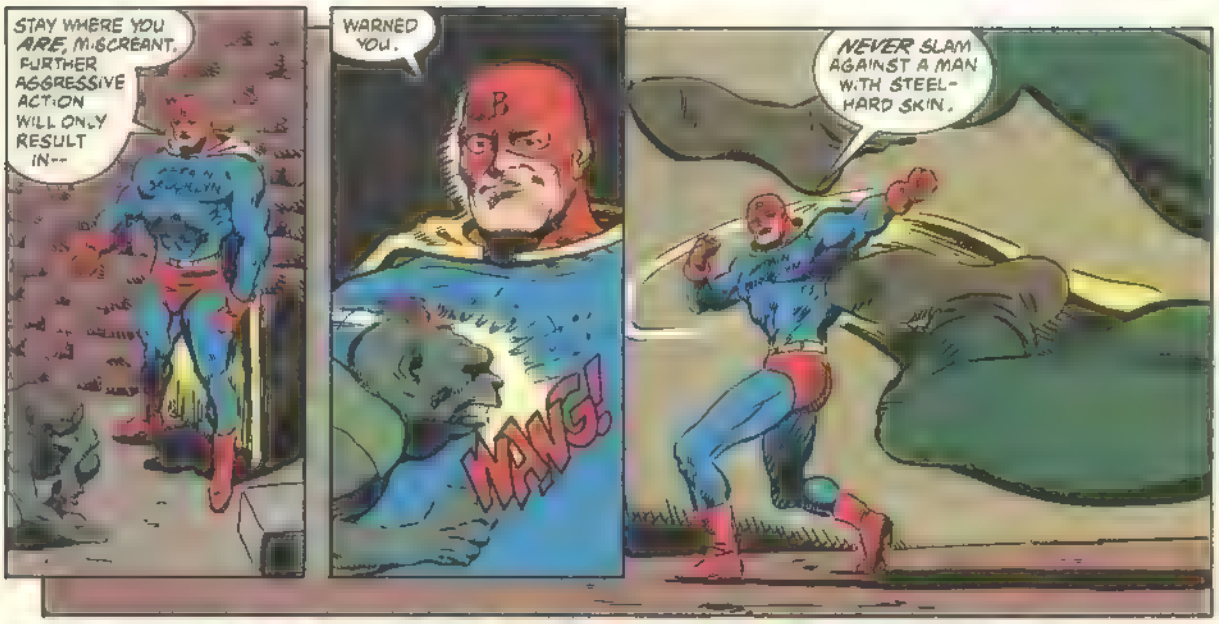
SLAP


NO TONGUES!

LISTEN, HORNY TOAD, I'VE TOLD YOU I'M NOT INTERESTED.
GO BE OFF PESTERING ALGUR OR DESIREE BUT LEAVE ME ALONE.
SERAPH WAS RIGHT. I GOTTA GO GET SOME CLOTHES ON.


R GGIT R GGIT FIGURINE RISSIN FRISSIN RIGGIT


KRUNCH

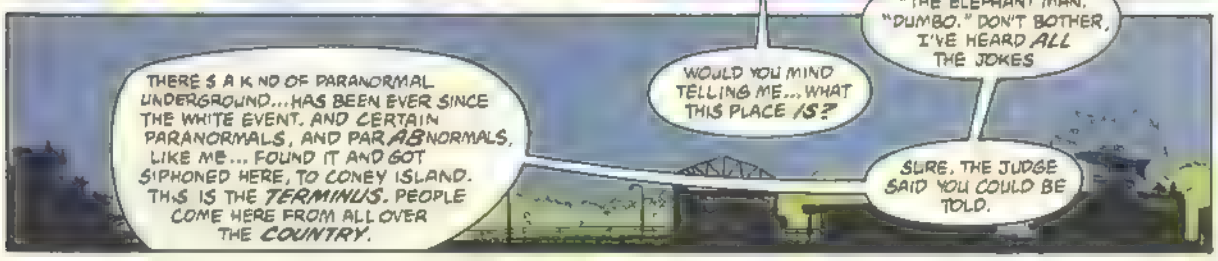

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MISCREANT. FURTHER AGGRESSIVE ACTION WILL ONLY RESULT IN--
WARNED YOU.
WANG!
NEVER SLAM AGAINST A MAN WITH STEEL-HARD SKIN.

THE LEADER OF THIS RENEGADE BAND OF PARANORMALS MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR. I'LL FIND HIM... AND WHATEVER PRISONERS HE MIGHT HAVE!

OKAY, PRISONERS, THIS WAY

THE JUDGE WILL SEE YOU NOW.

SAY, WEREN'T YOU IN THE ORIGINAL CAST OF--


THERE'S A KIND OF PARANORMAL UNDERGROUND... HAS BEEN EVER SINCE THE WHITE EVENT. AND CERTAIN PARANORMALS, AND PARABNORMALS, LIKE ME... FOUND IT AND GOT SIPHONED HERE, TO CONEY ISLAND. THIS IS THE TERMINUS. PEOPLE COME HERE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.
WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME... WHAT THIS PLACE IS?
"THE ELEPHANT MAN," "DUMBO." DON'T BOTHER, I'VE HEARD ALL THE JOKES
SURE. THE JUDGE SAID YOU COULD BE TOLD.

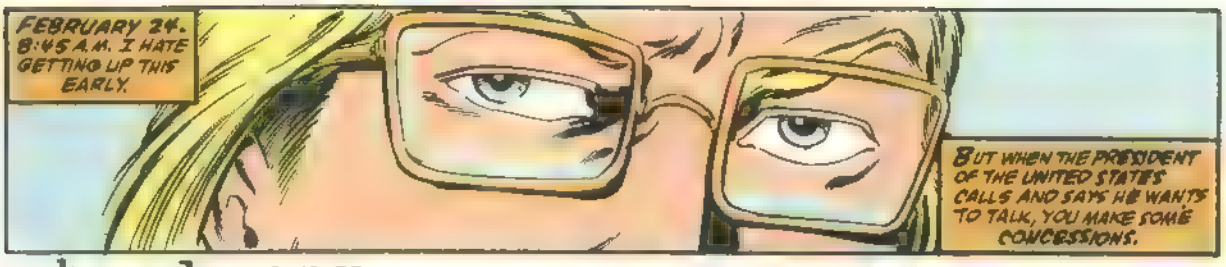
AND WE PRETTY MUCH RUN CONEY ISLAND, NOW THAT THE NORMS HAVE CLEARED OUT. IF YOU HAD BRAINS YOU'D BE SCARED RIGHT NOW.
MOTHODIKE
HEE
HEE
STOP THAT! STOP THAT STUPID FACE-MAKING AND LAUGHING! HE WON'T LIKE IT!
HAHAHA
SKINHEADS
GAY PARANORMS
ARIAN PARANORMS

OH YEAH? WHO WON'T LIKE IT?
HE WON'T. THE GUY IN CHARGE

CREEAK

AH! OUR LATEST DEFENDANTS.
WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE CHAMBERS.

THE FORSAKEN WELCOME YOU!
AND I--
--JUDGE MENTAL--
--DECLARE THIS COURT IN SESSION!
NEXT: PART TWO OF FOUR! (OKAY, OKAY, JUST KIDDING. ACTUALLY): THE WRAP-UP! PEOPLE GET KILLED! BUILDINGS GET BLOWN UP! PLOTLINES GET RESOLVED! WHO WILL BE LEFT STANDING? WE SURE WON'T! BUT MAYBE YOU WILL IN: THE BIG GOOD-BYE (OR "FERRIS WHEEL'S PAY OFF"!) BE THERE OR PORTIONS OF YOUR ANATOMY WILL FALL OFF! HONEST! WE MEAN IT! BIG CHUNKS THAT YOU'LL MISS. DON'T DARE US ON THIS ONE. WE'RE SERIOUS...



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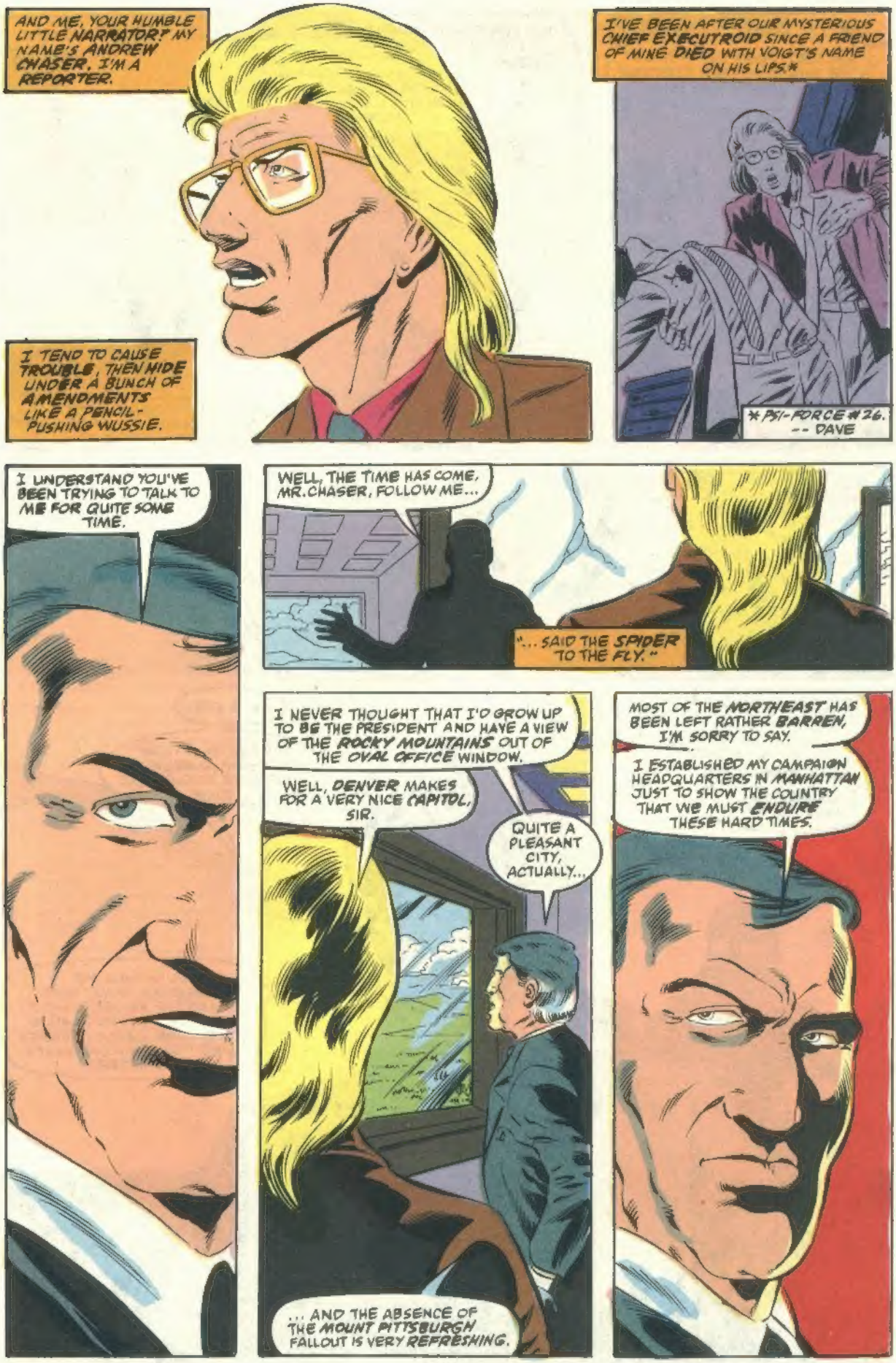
FREEDOM OF DEPRESS

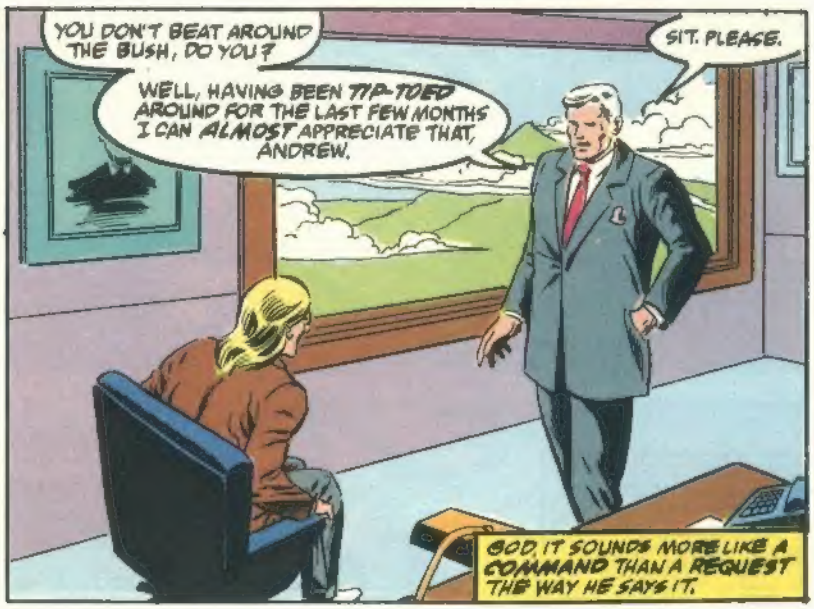
AAAAH... ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER DOLLAR

FABIAN NICIEZA WRITER | MIKE GUSTOVICH ART | RICK PARKER LETTERS | MARC SIRY COLOR | DAVID WOHL EDITOR | TOM DeFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

METAL DETECTOR?
ALL CLEAR.
FRISK HIM.
YES, SIR.
NOTHING MORE EMBARRASSING THAN GETTING FRISKED BY GUYS WITH WASHERBOARD STOMACHS WHEN YOU HAVEN'T DONE YOUR GUT-CRUNCHES IN TWO MONTHS.
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE.
..YOUR EXUBERANCE IS COMFORTING--
HE'S CLEAN
ALL RIGHT, MR. CHASER, WOULD YOU LIKE TO FOLLOW ME?
...BUT I ASSURE YOU THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT FROM OUR UNUSUALLY SILENT GUEST.
THE HEAD CANUNA, THE HONORABLE PREZ-- PHILIP NOLAN VOIGT.


AND ME, YOUR HUMBLE LITTLE NARRATOR? MY NAME'S ANDREW CHASER. I'M A REPORTER.
I TEND TO CAUSE TROUBLE, THEN HIDE UNDER A BUNCH OF AMENDMENTS LIKE A PENCIL-PUSHING WUSSIE.
I'VE BEEN AFTER OUR MYSTERIOUS CHIEF EXECUTROID SINCE A FRIEND OF MINE DIED WITH VOIGT'S NAME ON HIS LIPS.*
* PSI-FORCE #26. -- DAVE
I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TALK TO ME FOR QUITE SOME TIME.
WELL, THE TIME HAS COME, MR. CHASER, FOLLOW ME...
"... SAID THE SPIDER TO THE FLY."
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I'D GROW UP TO BE THE PRESIDENT AND HAVE A VIEW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS OUT OF THE OVAL OFFICE WINDOW.
WELL, DENVER MAKES FOR A VERY NICE CAPITOL, SIR.
QUITE A PLEASANT CITY, ACTUALLY...
... AND THE ABSENCE OF THE MOUNT PITTSBURGH FALLOUT IS VERY REFRESHING.
MOST OF THE NORTHEAST HAS BEEN LEFT RATHER BARREN, I'M SORRY TO SAY.
I ESTABLISHED MY CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS IN MANHATTAN JUST TO SHOW THE COUNTRY THAT WE MUST ENDURE THESE HARD TIMES.

REALLY?
I ASSUMED IT WAS SIMPLY TO BE IN THE MIDDLE OF WHAT EVERYONE IS CALLING "FREAK CENTRAL."


YOU DON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH, DO YOU?
SIT. PLEASE.
WELL, HAVING BEEN TIP-TOED AROUND FOR THE LAST FEW MONTHS I CAN ALMOST APPRECIATE THAT, ANDREW.
GOD, IT SOUNDS MORE LIKE A COMMAND THAN A REQUEST THE WAY HE SAYS IT.

MIND IF I SMOKE?
NO. MIND IF WE CUT TO THE BONE?
IT'D BE MY PLEASURE.

WHAT'S YOUR STORY, MR. PRESIDENT?
STORY?
YOUR PARABILITY. WHAT IS IT?
AH. I SEE.
PARABILITY. A WORD THAT SAYS SO MUCH AND NOTHING AT THE SAME TIME.
HOW DO I TURN THE KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THERE IS AND THE ABILITY TO IMPLEMENT ON THAT KNOWLEDGE INTO SOME CATCHY PHRASE LIKE "TELEPATH" OR "SHAPE-SHIFTER?"

IT'S SIMPLE-- I DON'T!
MY PARABILITY HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH MY ROLE AS CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THIS NATION, MR. CHASER.
SHOULDN'T THE PUBLIC BE THE JUDGE OF THAT?
I LET THE PUBLIC JUDGE FOR THEMSELVES.
CUTE. MEANINGS WITHIN MEANINGS. I HATE CHINESE RIDDLES ALMOST AS MUCH AS I LOVE CHINESE WOMEN.
YOU SAID "HAD" BEFORE-- WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
IT MEANS I HAVE LOST MY POWER!
IT MEANS I HAVE LOST MY VISION!
I HAVE LOST MY DREAM!
THEY TOOK IT AWAY FROM ME-- WRENCHED IT FROM ME AS IF IT WERE A TOOTH! STILL FRESHLY ATTACHED IN MY MOUTH!
BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME, MR. CHASER!
THEY HAVE TAKEN THE VEHICLE FROM ME, BUT NOT THE ROAD!
AND I'M THINKING: "I WONDER IF NIXON WAS LIKE THIS BY THE END OF HIS TERM?"

MY PATH IS STILL CLEAR BEFORE ME.
THE ROAD WILL BE TRAVELLED A LITTLE MORE SLOWLY, BUT IT WILL BE TAKEN AT A CRAWL IF NECESSARY!
AND WHEN WE REACH OUR DESTINATION -- OH, HOW THE TRIP WILL HAVE BEEN WORTH THE HARDSHIP!
WELL, YOU KNOW THEY SAY "GETTING THERE IS HALF THE FUN," RIGHT?
WHERE ARE WE GOING, ANYWAY, MR. PRESIDENT?
" WE " AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE.
YOU ARE GOING THE WAY OF THE CRO-MAGNON.
I AM GOING THE WAY OF THE LIGHT.
THE HUMAN RACE IS TO BE SUPPLANTED BY THE NEXT STEP IN THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS, MR. CHASER.
IT IS OBVIOUS THAT PARANORMALS ARE THAT NEXT STEP.
WHETHER OUR EXISTENCE IS BY ACCIDENT OR DESIGN MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. WE ARE HERE TO STAY-- HERE TO THRIVE.
WE ARE HERE TO RULE!
AND IF YOU THINK THAT ANY OF THIS IS GOING TO SEE PRINT, YOU ARE MORE FOOL THAN I THOUGHT.
YOUR MOTHER, LINDA, HOW IS SHE?
HAS HER ARTHRITIS BEEN BOTHERING HER LATELY?
SUCH A STRONG WOMAN. HERE'S HOPING THE SITUATION ON THE EAST COAST DOESN'T ADVERSELY AFFECT HER HEALTH.
DO WE HAVE ANYTHING FURTHER TO DISCUSS, MR. CHASER?
NO, MR. PRESIDENT. I THINK YOU'VE ANSWERED ALL THE QUESTIONS I HAD CONCERNING YOUR PLANS FOR THIS COUNTRY.
I SHAKE HIS HAND, GRAB MY COAT AND LEAVE. IT TAKES SIX STRAIGHT SMOKES BEFORE THE CHILLS STOP RUNNING DOWN MY SPINE. THIS MANIAC HAS TO BE STOPPED.